

MISC. POEMS : 2017-2018

- *Edwards Bryant*

At A Quick Gaze

**At a quick gaze
Out of my window
I saw
No moon
Only
Dark night**

**Only
A shadowed land
Void
Of candlelight**

**Only expanses
Of thorned
Destiny**

**Garden mazes
Where the crows
Keep watch**

**And a shroud
Without starlight
Has descended**

This Morning

**How many voices
Have I heard
This morning
As many as.....
I've heard
Birds singing
Perched
In stoic instinct
Upon telephone lines**

**Demeter
Will come ashore
At noon**

**I have viewed
The streets of London
From my spyglass**

**Hydrogen dirigibles
On the way
But they bring
No war**

**Instead they bring keys
To the gates
Of ethereal temples**

**Omens
Encoded
In the newspaper**

**A Delphic monument
In the haze
Of early**

Dawn light

**Andromeda
In celestial memory**

**Awaken me
At the ninth
Bell toll
Of hallowed ceremony**

**Our saints
Sleep
In stain glass
Luminance**

**An island
Of light
Upon the sea**

Voices Appear

**It's getting late
Voices appear
Like an audio-nosebleed
Or I guess
I should say my ears
Mysteries
Epiphanies
I don't want
None of it anyway
But they reappear
Night after night
These intruders are near
Yet remain
Beyond my sight
Darkness and light
I suppose battle it out
Somehow and somewhere
But I'm too tired
And just want
It all to disappear
Back out into the night
But I seldom
Get such a break
It's getting late
And the voices don't care
They've got something to say
And all the empty air
Is their stage**

Spirit Attachment.....at Three Years

**I've got this wicked.....
Spirit attachment
Here whispering
Into my ear
While I'm sitting here
Drinking coffee
Trying to write a poem
I've had this spirit attachment
Three years
Three damn long years
Feels more like
Three hundred
In the toll I've paid
In body and mind
It ain't all fine
Let me tell you
If you mess around with things
You could never understand
Three years ago
I did a jackass thing
And here I am
My coffee's starting to get cold
Now the whispering
Is coming from the opposite....
Side of the room
If you tell someone
Maybe they'll believe you
Maybe not
Won't matter.....they can't make.....
The whispering stop
I'll make some more coffee now
And just pretend I don't hear a thing**

The Dim Dissipation of Azure

**A monument to mind
Stoned out....isosceles
And Delphic
Submerged in time
Down by the pier
Watching the glistening water
Genuflect to eternity**

**An island
Stolen from memory
Reappearing
In an hour
Fusing with the vastness
of this fading perspective
the Universe
becomes nightly
and the stars break through
the dim dissipation of azure
and the veil of the heavens is removed**

Astral Light

**Seeping astral light
Bright
In a way
That makes it
All dreamed of**

**Out of body
And out of town
I floated around
desert night**

**The moon
Was illuminated
By Helios**

**Having cocktails
In the folds of space and time**

**O' race of humans
Floating dreamers
Out there in.....
The hometown sphere
And beyond**

**All of the seven wonders
I knew them well**

**Do tell my neighbor
The astrologer**

**Do tell
What's the planetary by-line?**

Old castles in Scotland

**Look wonderful
In the dream vision
Across ocean
Of sweet morning
Oasis radiance**

Night Visions (pt i)

**Night time visions
Of old.....
Roman
.....home of old bones**

**Dusty ruins
Where sub-audible
Voices echo**

**In sub-audible
Residual of empire**

**Lasting
Every moment**

**Of an eternity
Of old stars
Burning out
And blowing up**

**In creation
Cycle
Of new Sibylline worlds**

Hipsters Drinking Stars

**Hipsters drinking stars
The moon.....like a desolate eggshell
Barns and steeples and Medieval latrines
Songs in the wind heard only by the psychics
Diesel trucks raving for conservatism
Presidential speeches.....brewing Renaissance vendetta
Three emperors there once were
Pigeons will be around long after we're gone
Shitting on everything
Drink Lipton tea or grain alcohol
The choice is yours
Sign your youth away
To one fleet or another
See exotic ports that will infect your psyche
Become a hot air balloon bombardier
In the reactivated Roman Legions
Silhouettes of Greenwich Village anarchist
On the walls near where you loiter**

Time and Thought

**Time and thought
Time and thought
Nuclear aerial cans
Windows of tinted paranoia**

**Tinted windows
of narco dissolution
of the soul**

**spam bot farms
in Russian scheme
for cyber plutocracy**

**wouldn't anyone
want to be free
of the damn black lung**

**midnight mutinies
of the amphetamine
triumvirate**

**hotel walls rigged
for narco investigation
same moon as it always was
rising over brick buildings
with many wounds**

**don't listen to me
listen to your televised
false news saint**

**listen to
the "we'll give you nothing
but the boot" station**

**listen to this theology
run through a slot machine**

**ideas and words
thought and time
old gasoline cans abandoned
in Omaha**

**mountains hollowed out
and filled with nuclear stew
avenues of nitrous oxide visions
hot air balloons depart
for Paris rooftops
of grimoire antennas**

Elizabethan Tomorrow

**What if I wake up
In an Elizabethan tomorrow
My bedroom
Replaced
With White Hall**

**What if there's
A Tudor Rose
At my nose
When my eyes first open**

**And to morning
Heralds
That
Proclaim**

**Long life
To the Queen**

**And I awake
With intrigue laden thoughts
Of Spain**

Gas Light Dreams

**Many streets
In this city
Lead away
To Aventine reflection
And such gas light dreams
That I go out walking
In another year
Or sometimes
Through mirrors.....
And disappear
And become a stranger
In an old town
Film projected movement
Moments bursting
Into reality like solar flares
And I am there
Awakened
 In
 The tintype
 Apocrypha

Of a thousand evolutions
 Of pulsating
 Radio
 Night**

Moonlight and Minotaurs

**Moonlight and minotaurs
Seep into my mind
Here at the end
Of a vine
Formed of time
Here I will begin again
To reconceptualize this reality
And its many bends
Whether of air
Or of glass
With curvatures
That foresee islands
In daydreams
Here I will begin again
To imagine music
In the color of the sea
I will listen
And hear symphonies
Rise from waves
That follow the paths
Of their end
Only to be born again
And go on
And go on**

The Electrically Lit Sky

**The emperor
Has left marbles
On the teleprompter
Horses and carriages
Roam free and wild
So many
The streets
Have become conduits
Of the media ziggurat specter
Political banshees wail
In the electrically lit sky
Forgotten telegraph lines
Rise up in resurrection
From American soil
To touch them
Is to know
Stigmata of your cyber-self**

You to Will Be in the Underground Caves

**State your name
For the record of machines
You to
Will be in the underground cave
Of data storage
Bits.....and bits
And scrolls of bits
And old Oedipus
Hanging off of a lamp post
Fiddling away the time
Until electromagnetic rewind
Takes us back
To listening
To oracle gals
On Greek mountains
Sitting on tripods
Over fissures
Of Earth's deep chasms
Of clairvoyant fumes
Full of metro pulse
Of a city's oceanic light
Electrified
And flowing
With digital clock prophecy**

In New Jersey Winter Morning Sun

**In the room
Early morning
It became clear
The heart of every year
Is now a distant star
And may stargazers somewhere
Set eyes
Upon these shining crystals
Of memories**

**In the room
Early morning
The light over my stove
.....now mystified
In state of mind
Still returning
From astral shores
I made coffee
And conversed
With old voices
From dimly lit
Ziggurat corridors
Returning through moon portal
Now in New Jersey
Winter morning Sun
Light of expanding.....
State of gardens**

The Candle Music

**I knew
I once heard
The candle music
In Victorian room
Fleet Street
In
The
London
Fog**

**It's been
All these years
But I still feel amazed
At Old London Tower
Gazing across the moat
Looking
For
The
Mary Rose
In the haze**

**And Big Ben
Still chimes
Away to Heaven**

Glad News

**Glad news
Glad news
No more blues
In Wyoming today**

**And an oil lamp
In old Morocco
Sings
Sweet
Tunes
Of
Angel
Symphony**

**Somewhere
Out there
In
The
Night**

**Candles
Light
Rooms**

Boats You Know

**Let the mind
Be full of gardenias
Why not
One may ponder
But don't question
The seasons in Belize**

**How many
Appropriately named
Boats
Do
You
Know?**

**I suppose this depends
On if you're a fisherman's friend**

**In the harbor
Things seem
To invent
Their
Own
Rotation**

Kingdoms of the Bay

**Kingdoms of the Bay
Criss-cross
Under meteor showers**

**So many kinsmen
Wishing upon a star
But one fell on a car
And wishing
From then on lost its appeal
All that was left
Of that car
Was a single wheel**

**Now the kinsmen
Just
Drink
In
Taverns
Down
By
The
Piers**

Oasis

**How about
That Gobi Desert oasis
I claim it
With the flag
Of the Vikings**

**I lay down my sword
And drink a reward
A Pina Colada
And then spontaneously
Human combust
Into General Electric dynamo bliss**

**I am now
A seeker
Of truth**

**In
Starry
Mazes**

The Canals of Mars

**the sounds
of the industrial island
reverberate
like a jigsaw puzzle
hooked up to jumper cables
and placed next to a microphone**

what voice would we hear?

**secret Tesla manuscripts
made it all too clear
we would be hearing
boatmen
from the canals of Mars**

**ferrying red ores
and drilling boreholes
in search of galleon treasure
in wormhole.....magnetic anomaly zones**

**the jurisdiction on such salvaging rights
is unclear
cease and desist orders
would appear to take a year
to reach Martian treasure hunters
by then waist deep
in reality television excursions**

I Sailed for the Equator

**he clock
spread rumors
about time**

**I swung
To the cable car
From a vine**

**Death Valley
Is nowhere near
Where I am going
Unless it becomes
Impossible to resist**

**I thought about it
While in a mist
Near San Francisco Bay**

**Then I went up north
To haul hay
Then I caught a freighter
And sailed for the equator
One astrologic afternoon**

The Golden Shoe

**The vast golden shoe
Was like a ruby
In the woods**

**The villagers saw it
And were hypnotized
By its electrified
Medallion-like aura**

**Everyone
Struck it rich**

**And became Texas oilmen
Or narco kingpins in Mexico
Hot Sun
With crocodile boots**

**Or became emirs
And bought piers**

**In Kuwait
Oil refinery scenery**

**Near Persian
Sea of lamps**

I Don't Drink Anymore

**The night seeps in
Under the door
Like a vapor of being
Without the Sun**

**I have no imagination
But for simulation imaginings**

**And I don't drink
Anymore
While
The
Door's
Closed**

**Because it's a good way
To make your morning
Feel like crashing
Unto the rocks**

**Do you want your mind
To reverberate
Quaking of aching**

**I would hope not
So let's do
Or do not
Smoke pot**

Old Black Forest

**Deep
In the deep
Dark of the dark keep
Of the forest
Of hollow trees
Where spectral eyes lurk
Waiting for chances
Of your glances
To disappear you
In magical berserk impossibility**

**What you think
Is not real
Will show you cauldrons
And newt
And raven's feathers
And salamanders
That swam against the stream
And landed in a dream
Of Old Black Forest
Moonlit
Division of your senses
Now what'll you speak?**

The Bright Radiance of Old Scrolls

**Midnight
Will come and go
And astral chatter will flow
In through my right ear
And out my left**

**I broke the knob
To my radio mind
Now I'm an antenna for voices
All of the time**

**You see
There are dimensions
And dimensions of dimensions
In your home
In your kitchen
In your dinner
In your glass of wine**

**Other dimensions
Flow into your eyes
Like a bright radiance
Of old scrolls**

**There are worlds
And other worlds
Mirrored
And mirrored again**

**There are operas of voices
In the air
Some sing of beauty
And others of despair**

**Invisible
But real**

**Unseen.....but sometimes
In your dreams
You are there**

Hot Air Balloon Escape Pods

There's no new balloon escape pods
Nothing innovating
Has been discovered
In this perplexing field
So soon
The comets will return
But our hot air balloons
Are still like Apollonian chariots
Of helium's hot air religion
Helios blesses
With a scepter of solar flare

We have taken nothing
From this artful pursuit
And kept it pure
As we only wish we kept
Sibylline prophecies we were given
Then we could have salvaged
Our marble goddess adornments
Then we could have had dreams
Of Vestal star connection

Though imperium's have a way
Of collapsing under hoof and sword
We shall not allow
These overlapping arches
Of mirrored hourglass reflections
To infuse
Our skyward passionate ascent
With blind lust
For an empire's gold

We want sanctity
In heights of cloud
Closeness to angelic voice

**The glare of Ra
In our eyes
Giving us hypnotic glimpses
Of Luxor
In Anubis's shadow**

**We want Poseidon's trident risen
And to breathe Aeolus's sacred wind
As we descend
To the Mycenaean cinema of Argos
For kinetoscope viewings
Of film noir supernovas
With subliminal existential undertones
For the propagation of outdoor café epiphany**

Your Night's Prey

**Fanged woman
Of the witching hour
Your night's prey
Will glare before you
In red pulsations
Of mortal life**

**You will be ravenous
And intrepid
Arriving through the balcony
Of the villa
Beneath the Carpathian moon**

**With your viperous eyes
You will hypnotize
The expatriate gent
While with his brandy and cigar
Alluring him to vampiric death**

**And then if he so may choose
To walk in endless night with thee
and give him thy dark essence of red damnation
to keep for eternity**

December 23, 1913

**Maddening film reel wormholes
Taking us back
To Diesel truck
Engine sound hallucinations
In Great Plains
Beer Can defiance
Of Federal Reserve
Conformity**

**The Great Seal pyramid
Watches from your legal tender
Transactions and patterns of living
Your small-town libraries
Were once sanctuaries
But are now temples of the Great Eye**

**The finest imported business suits
Await you on your submission
Summer camps indoctrinate
With Reserve chairman textbook alterations
History can and will be lost
Rewritten by Jekyll Island printing machines**

**Tread carefully
With your online diatribes
Central banking artificial intelligence
Has infiltrated your Wi-Fi
It's existence intentionally disavowed
By fake news hypnotism
Teleprompters feeding our media superstars
Until they explode in revelations of scandal
Disturbing our reflective moments
Of cappuccino serenity**

Citadel Memoriam

**Give us communal
Beautiful
Timeless
Forest of Ottoman cannon**

**Give us silks
And fabrics
And colors
To eviscerate
Our condolences**

**For brethren lost
In the mountain fortress
Battle of madness**

**Where a legendary name
Achieved resurrection
In gothic cinema
Immortality**

**Yet we
Are but teeth and dust
Buried along
The cold nightly river**

The Real Thing

**Give us
This real thing
Right here.....right now
Give us
The show how.....
On projector screens
Holographic afternoon
We're only replaying
An actual place in time
We are not real
The discovery
Was mind fragmenting
I dropped all of my coins
Treasury secretary approved
I collected
My cable car tickets
And went to Alberta
Before the vines
Of data-corruption glitches
Strangled off
The lingering
Taste of being
From my illusory atmosphere**

Underneath Mystique

**All of that
Underneath mystique
All of those sidewalks
Never talked
Never used free speech
To give up the names**

**Of the culprits
Down below
This wavy line
A drunken demarcation**

**What is it
About all of this
That boils away
The mercury
And releases
The lead balloons
To plummet down
On Eifel Tower afternoons**

**No kind of a.....taking to flight
.....at all
Just a bourbon induced
Street light hallucination
Twelve midnight.....alchemy
With the bottle
A saxophone in first gear
Releases the spirit
Trapped inside
This treasure chest of insomnia**

No one has awoken me yet

**To go and see
The angelic gathering
Down by the river
At around three**

**But I'll be there
Puffing on a Pall Mall
Waiting for a halo
To fall down from Heaven
On to me**

The Flowers of Istanbul

**I saw other-dimensional rain
Pouring down
Upon the flowers of Istanbul**

**Upon balconies
Of dark weaving iron**

**I heard the music of caravans
Music that once disappeared
Into the desert
Yet was heard again
Coming from the sky**

**It filled my mind
With a monumental sense of displacement
I was no longer
In my own time
I was someplace else
Someplace where the sunlight
Beat down on me
Pulsating in Zoroastrian rhythms**

**I knew I wasn't in Albuquerque anymore
Not even Istanbul
Not even Constantinople
No.....this was further back**

**This was back when enormous and inscribed stone pillars
Praised the wondrous deliverance
Of god-kings upon this world**

**I saw it in a blazing flashback
Of tea and nicotine
I went outside
Got into my car**

**And played rock and roll over the radio
But an Etruscan voice
Broke in and spoke to me
Of the Sun setting and rising
Over old and new empires**

**I drove down the street
To the tobacco store around the block
Bought a pack of cigarettes
Lit one.....and found myself
In such a savage coliseum
Surrounded by crowds
With blood lusting eyes**

**I looked up.....
The Sun was struggling
To break through the bleakest of clouds
I heard footsteps approaching
From behind me**

**I thought of Istanbul
And that rain
How it was unlike anything
That I had ever seen before**

Overgrown Ivy

**Tonight
Is like a maroon painted garden
Ivy devouring in symmetries
Of long forgotten.....
Misted and tormented dreams
Of a hangover**

**The alcohol
Fizzled away
The omens that had been told to me**

**I wanted nothing more
Nothing new
Nothing secret**

**I only wanted solitude
On an isle.....no where
But under Heaven**

**How could I compare
The days evaporating
Into cauldrons of air**

**How could I esteem to be
The herald
Of an open gate
To the sky**

A Thousand Lights

**There.....it were as if
A thousand lights
Turned on at once
In the room
In the building
Of a Greco-Roman mythology
In the center of a city
Where cherubs filled the air
With graces of eternal song**

**And through
 The light
 There
 Was
 Pilgrimage**

**To what lies beyond
 The furthest
 Imagined
 Realm**

**Where falling stars
Became a bouquet
Of reflection**

**I wandered
 Along the path
 Where eyes beheld**

**The fusion
Of atomic dream reconciled
With a delicate mortality**

**I wanted to know
Of the old places
That will be remembered eternal**

I wanted to envision

Athena

In

The

Clouds

On a morning

Of new awakening

Ruminations

**I can hear
your ideological ruminations
broadcast through the atmosphere
sounding like
Sumerian ziggurats
Jacked up and relocated**

**It was always a testament
To the street lights
That serve their purpose
Upon every continent
Where astrologers
Divide and distribute
The whims of fate
On how the stars are aligned**

**Over every apartment building
Where satellite dishes
On their roofs
Are poised like ancient muses
Awaiting the messages
Of the heavens**

**It is from there
That I heard the litany
Of the epiphany
And followed my own star
To the sapphiric sea
Beneath the lantern.....celestial breathed
Of Sagittarius
And the gardens of the nebula**

Celestial Transmutation

**I no longer pretend
To feel the gravity
Of the atmosphere
Adorned with light bulbs
And Chinese lanterns
Year after year
In ceremonies.....idolatrous
To the northern winds
That take from me
My visions seen
In abyssal chasms of sleep
Deep within the vastness
Of dreams without boundary**

**O' Hellenized night
Applauded and sung for
To you we offer incense
Upon the altars of our devotion
Such projections of reawakened thought
Like cinematic oracle.....
Mountainous and bestowed through vapors
Arisen from a cacophony
Of the world's deeper remembrance**

**I have given.....
To the further stars
What was once
Bound within me
Now free to seek
A celestial transmutation
Such light brought down
To where my own shadows
Hide in fortified outpost
along the dimly lit edges
Of a moonless plateau
In a subconscious conception
Of a place and time**

The Broken Window

I accidentally
Broke a window made of air
It was there
But unseen
It was invisible
Yet it's breaking was of the utmost significance

The broken pieces
Stuck to me like glue
This was no kind
Of ordinary glass
It was etheric separation
Now fragmented

Now an open portal existed
To street light gardens
And electric voices
Serpents made of filaments
And Edison-based bulbs.....
Like the terrifying eggs of hydras

The visibility of the moon
Was very poor
There were no-man's lands of asphalt
And neon candelabras
In liquor store enticements
And I did it on a whim
I wasn't even thinking
I was told
That the window was there
But I didn't really believe it
And so I tested boundaries
And placed myself in a perilous alignment
With the soul reflected.....
Dimension of what we discard of ourselves
And fear to set eyes upon

One With No Expression

1.

**All of the islands
Drifted away from me
Not I from them
I am unmoved
Halfway
 To becoming
 A statue**

**I will become one
 With no
 Expression**

**I will leave it to those
Who look upon me
Upon my eyes**

**Not knowing
 What
 They've
 Seen**

2.

**It's been
About
A million years
Has it not**

**Or perhaps
Last week**

**When
 The
 Silence
 Was**

Deafening

**A beautiful orchestra
That beautifully
Played nothing**

**I am about to forget
My own sonata**

**I lost my grip on it
And it floated away**

Like a helium verse

3.

**The night
Proclaimed itself
Sovereign king
Of my
Subconscious labyrinth**

I approved the ascension

**And attended
The coronation**

**Then became lost
In the privy chamber
Torch lit rooms**

**I was searching
For someone
To direct me
To the pilgrimage**

Pirate Radio

**the star strung
sonnets
of
the
sea**

**mystify
pirate
radio
ships
in the English Channel**

**the night sky is adorned
with billions
of conceptions
of the eternal**

**throughout
the cities
of the realm**

**music is transmitted
right through
to every spirit**

**quickened
and crystalized thoughts
drift out
into the streets**

**cars drive by
tuned in
to these exclamations
of joy**

**the guards
of the Tower
will obey**

their commands

**but the radio waves
from the sea
will breathe creation**

**and the poets
will shine the light of words
upon
the etheric plateau**

The Candles in the Room

The candles in the room
Bit me
With strange
And mesmerizing teeth

I simply couldn't look away
There it all was
Visions taking place
Right before my eyes
Right there in the flames
I could hear
The Druids speaking
It was like the Sun was reborn
Into a miniature creation
I felt it all
Hitting my face
Like a cold wind
Of Aztec turbulent pyramid ascent
And Mayan dynasties
Never lost.....always surviving
In someone's dream

It was all there
So much of the infinite
Forged in golden light
I saw hidden kingdoms
Displaced in the ascending centuries
I saw monuments
Of Greece and Rome
As they were once glorified
In an age
When the haze of incense
Was a gate to the palace
Of these unknown visions that create
The expanse of immortal time

Balcony Contemplations

I didn't think about it
The entirety
Of the mythological sphere
I was smoking on balconies
Under the same moon
That Isis sets her eyes upon tonight

I knew that there were inscriptions
Written behind the veil of air
But I didn't think about it
I only thought about
The wine that sailed me away

I'm sure I could have seen Persephone
Dancing in the field
Surrounded by the scenery
Of her out pouring dreams
But I was already far along
On my journey across
Hera's entrancing sky

Under the Street Lights

**I distinctly remember
Something that was
Only a mirage
And it returned to sand
And was
Nothing
Forevermore**

**I drank
Under the street lights
The fountains of luminance
Each of them
Like a candle
In remembrance
Of a sacred memory**

**I looked up
And saw the planets aligned
Astral planes
Opened their gates
Down by the movie theater
17th and Pacific
I headed down there my myself
Walked through
And became a spectator
Of the world**

Delphi Thrown Out the Window

**I
Am
Visiting
From
A
Day
And
A mind
That
Was
Lost
In
A
Smoke
Filled
Room
On
The
Edge
Of
Some
Island
Of
Perception
Where
I
Looked
Beyond
And
Saw
An
Infinity
Of
Stars
And
Expanse
Of**

Wonder

**We are of
This expanse
We are only islands
Upon archipelagoes
Upon continents
Upon a planetary sphere
That gives
Its orbit
To the nearest star**

**Are we possibly
A
Mirror
Image
Reflected
In
A thousand
Directions**

**What would it take
To make
Such a discovery
That
Rippled
Across
Time
In
Serene
Directions
And twilight
Light
Filling
Us
With
Calm
Placid
Peace**

I wonder if it would take

**A mountain of oracles
Delphi.....Parnassus
In books together
Thrown out of windows**

**Scrying was an art once
But now
A window to asylums**

**Visions can fill
Your short years
Full of many ages.....too many**

**The mind may collapse
Like a temple
Made of unfortunate whims**

**These things
Are known to happen
Here in the States
And beyond our borders
Across oceans
To old worlds**

**It's just something
You
Don't hear
Talked about much**

**On radio programs
AM
Early morning
Still dark out
On that drive
Into a city**

The Stars Drifting Down

**I saw lotus blossoms
Full of wise
Delight**

**At midnight
I bid farewell
To the beer can**

4.

**I have heard them
Through
The window
A
Cacophony
Of bells
Celebrating
The presence
Of
The
Divine
Once
More**

**I just stood there
Unable to comprehend**

**So many fixtures
In this room
No
Longer
Serving
A
Purpose**

5.

Outside

It

Is

Evening

Yet someplace else

It is morning

And

The

Sun

Is

Just

Now

Rising

Over

An ocean

Here

The streets

Grow quiet

And the moon

In orderly manner

Returns

6.

Somebody

Out there

Blazes

A cigarette lighter

And it

Looked

Like

Eternity's torch

Brought down

From Heaven

**I can't
Hear
Them
Anymore
Those
Choirs
I heard
Outside
On
My
Lawn**

**But that
Was
Long ago
And since then
I've moved over
To
The next town**

Our Biplanes Sent Out To Helios

**There is
Nothing here now
But the visions
And the sounds
Of our biplanes
Sent out
To Helios**

**May they return
With Apollonian wings
The glare
Of their being
To behold
And never
Be forgotten**

**They will descend
To the island
Where Destiny
Holds court**

**And become
Pillars of marble
Enchanting the world
With a golden gleam
Most eternal
And rare**

A Utopian Hope for Modern Ideologies

**Artemis
Given reason
To descend**

In visitation

**On a very bright
Afternoon**

**Bestowing upon us
Wisdoms
And the very presence
Of something beyond.....
Our perceived.....
Reality of televisions
And metropolitan expanses**

**When through a designer window we see
A renaissance
Of Chinese Skyscrapers**

**Artemis
Fulfills for us
The painted revelation**

**Frescoes
On office complex walls**

**In such a utopian hope
That no ideology
In its modern vanity
Will pick up the sword again**

Transparency

**I didn't know about
Transparency
Back before the summer
When reality
Crashed in
Through
The roof**

**And broke apart
Like a crystal vase**

**So many pieces
Of broken memory
Went all throughout
The house**

**And so did.....those
Dimensional renegades
Running
Down
The stairs**

**To introduce me to
The
Lord
Of
Flies**

Not Real.....But Real

**I had
A
Vision
Of
Something**

**That was not real
Because
No one
Would believe**

**So
how
 does
 that
 classify**

**a
vision
that
is
truly
real**

**all
 of
 this
 kind
 of thing**

**can be
like
a weathervane
and depends
on
which way
the wind
blows**

**and some voice
might speak to you
at night
and tell you about**

**the choices
that are before you**

**each a door
to someplace
worth
believing in**

Remember the Colossus

**Do you
Remember
The colossus**

Are you sure?

**Its memory
Is still
Shined down
Upon our world**

**Marc Antony's galleys
Have sailed again**

**Troops
Marching
Through a desert**

**The sand imprints
Their stoic gaze**

**It will resurface again
One of these days**

**And there
Will also be
A haze
of sacred ceremony**

Expressions of Moonlight

**Expressions of moonlight
Gleam upon
Waters at night**

**Under one.....
Two.....three.....
Billion stars**

**A galaxy
Of far away
Planetary isles**

**Each with their own
Aisles and corridors
And marble palisades**

**I am an explorer
Of their
Resonating
Psychic visions**

**I keep them
In jars of glass**

**And watch them become.....
Like Pulsars
Brightly heralding**

Lovely Moon

**My lovely moon
Up there
Brighter
Than a gaslight
Glowing
In ecstatic
Revelry**

**I
Am
The
Ninth
One
This
Month**

**To
Feel
Andromeda's
Eyes**

**The inspiration
Was simple**

**Read poetry
To
The
Seven
Sisters
Stars
Out there**

On a Field of Glass

**A tree growing
On a field
Of glass**

**With my telescope
I see
Windmills
Of Holland
Rediscovering
Electricity for themselves**

**Kites flown
Desert us and leave
With an albatross**

**And go to see
The Southern Cross**

**A glass house
Comes into view**

**.....a window
.....a chimney**

**A satellite dish
Receiving
From Olypmus Mons**

**Movie reviews
And weather on Europa**

Our Radiosphere On Its Way To New Palatinates (pt. 1)

Desolate tundra
Where old radios
Are discarded
Some of them
Hauntingly receive
Haunting transmissions
That still exist
In etheric echo and propagation

Still exist
At nexus points
Of time and space

The static heard
Is everywhere in between

And there as well
Messages go on
Into vast reaches
Of the unknown

Time and space alone
Contain
Endless and imagined
Stratospheres of fragmented voice

Our own radiosphere
Reaches out to new palatinates

As an emissary of discovery

A Fallen Satellite At Rest In Peace

**I see sunlight
Ricochet
Off of a fallen.....
Satellite in the desert**

**A once mighty orbiter.....fallen
Stoned on gamma radiation
And residual hauntings of signals
Its steel bones
Given to a solitary fate
In a desert.....desolate
As the far side of the moon**

**Are you a radioactive.....
Work of art
Are you our vain attempt
At constructing our own Apollo**

**We wanted
Gold chariots in technicolor
We wanted our ideology
To be an eternal celestial shrine**

**You.....orbiter
Your limbs bent and discarded
You struck the Earth
Like an atomic bomb under a microscope**

**One more leaf has fallen
From the tree of masquerades**

**I feel the season changing
In the wind**

**And you.....desert oracle
Decommissioned
At rest.....in your sepulcher of vastness**

Entangled Signals

**Didn't you see it all
Falling from the radio tower
Where philosophers
Transmit out into the ether
In search of redemption**

**Redeem us now
Before our cities
Fill with e-waste
That could reach the moon**

**Discarded computer screens
And epiphanies of teleportation**

**We will build new bridges
Across the waterways
Of this nation's childhood**

**I remember
Crossing over from Delaware
I saw a factory
Awakening in the early Sun**

**Artisans of road construction
Follow what they hear
In whispers from ancient Rome**

**Motorist turn their radios
To the station.....
Of elevation and high physics
Souls fill with modulated ascendancy**

**We seem to now want
Valhalla in the Heartland
Spears and flames and swords
To let us breathe an earthly wind**

**And then will it begin
Entangled signals
Drifting across the rooftops
Broadcasting big band
Out to the stars**

**And our minds
Will have to choose
Between an epoch
Of artificial intelligence apocalyptic creation
Or a televised dark age
Of fire.....death
And a new divinity of the Moon**

Radio Divination (pt. 1)

**I need to fill myself
With radio divination
Just right then.....at dawn
If we tune in
To the right station
We will hear the voice of Hera
Speaking prophecy
Directed at her listeners**

**With five hundred islands
In the wake of the shifting continent
There are scandals
And sharp thorn pricks
That I need to amend**

**I have heard nothing
About the contaminated desert
In a while**

**Trinity
The bright revolution
Of the darkest evolution**

**Atomic mandalas
Create themselves
In New Mexico Night**

A Telegraph Oasis

**A telegraph oasis
Out there
In the desert
Where symmetrical horizons merge
At the singular point
Where a Pulsar is heard
By angel-seeking radio stations
Tonight.....
There will be a deliverance
Of the word**

**So soon
Will it blare across the airwaves
And glare into our souls
Out there in the desert
Elysian prophecies will unfold**

**Car stereos will spread
Immortal truth**

**And above in the heavens
Way out beyond
Ancient stars explode**

**But of their spirits
New crystalline dreams
Will emerge
And the word will be forever told**

The Year's Edge

So did another day
Waste away.....into
Cacophony
Of I know not a thing
I'm just here
At the end of the year
At the edge of the year
It's a steep drop
To the bottom
What's down there seems.....
Like a chasm of turmoil

O' these final moons
Of this year
That is of seven

Not quite.....but often concealed

Minotaurs and newsmen
Robbed us of spectacular graces

Here at the edge
Of a cycle of orbit

Alone do I stand
Gazing out across
The valley of weathervanes

We seek predictions
Of Ionian wind

The candles begin.....
To flicker

A whisper
A voice
A choice

**To receive divination
Or to wonder
On fate's diamond-rough edge**

This year's edge

**An old stone tower
Ivy over grown
And thrown
Into the pages
Of a hymn**

Radio Mysticism

**Last night
I thought I saw Sputnik
I must have forgotten
What year it was
Or maybe I thought
It just didn't matter
Does a year
Make you a prisoner
As if confined to an island
Adrift out there
In the predawnhoroscope night
I remember
All of that early morning radio
As we sleep
We are surrounded
By invisible symphony halls
And opera houses
What a way to recognize
What dimension we're in
Pop music entering.....
Our REM sleep minds
From coast to coast
We are all like filaments
Of broadcasted light
With bright sparkles
Of eternity in our eyes**

Imaginings of Ourselves

**We cannot forget
We cannot remember
We are but blurry depictions
Painted on canvas**

**We gaze out of windows
We see office buildings
And telephone lines**

**Someone has taken
All of that history
From our minds**

**What will we proclaim
On social media
Outlets of poetry**

**They have not erased
Our remembrances of grimoires
Of deeper meanings
In planetary alignments**

**And so the night
Will be opulent and oceanic
Each star an isle
Glaring ascended illuminance**

**We will awaken each morning
To a horoscope of warning
And of fate's brightness
Adorning our etheric reflection**

2017-2018